One Dollar Per Year.

EFFORT.

Tis not enough to tune the lyrs And wait for harmonies to come. God sendeth not celestrial fire When human hearts are cold and no

"Tis not enough to calmly wait

That quickening dew should on us fall.

To vaguely long for what is great

While still pursuing what is small.

Was towed clean under old Liz, the
Dutchman in her, an' come up sound on
the other side.

"Tis not enough with tears of woe
To weep for all the world's district,
The drops that from inaction flow
Nor us, nor other lives, will bless.

'Tis not enough the love to take
That other hearts on ours outpour;
The soul is only kept awake
By giving something from its store.

'Tis not enough with drooping wing And aimicss feet to walk this earth; Effort alone can blessing bring And crown the soul with sov'reign worth, -Inter Ocean.

A PESKY WHALE.



HERE'S whales an' whales," said the captain, sul-"Some of 'em is pesky critters, an' some ain't go pesky." Smoke went up

in clouds, and there was silence for five minutes. "Reckon you've got something on

your mind, cap," said the doctor. "Oh, nothin' very partickler," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz up Behring sen way two years ago-old Liz was my ship, her full name bein' Elizabeth J. Barker-an' we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around for the Horn, and, as things happened, didn't see another whale till we struck into the Forties. Then, sir, bout 11 o'clock one fine mornin', we doin' about six knots, we raised a whale that was a whale."

"Big, I bet," said the doctor. "No, not so terrible big," said the captain, "but peaky. I was standin' about midships when one of the men sings out: 'Hi, Cap, look at 'er blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off and dead abeam to starboard, he was blowin'. He sent up a good spout and then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin', showin' a good bit of his length. I hove old Liz to, and we put over a couple of boats. Rowin' in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I mention him, 'cause he comes into the yarn pretty prominent. Frank was a good

sallor, but one of them fellers that has dreadful little to say. He tended right to business and kept his batch bat-tened close. Well, as it turned out, the ti little boat licked the big one and got first whack at the whale. They put a harpoon into him just over his port fin and down he went. "I stood a-watchin' things through a

glass. I waited an' waited for the boat to start off in tow, but she didn't do nothin' but set still, which was puzzlin'. In about five minutes somethin' big an' black broke water 'tween us and the boat, an' there was old blower, not more'n 200 yards from the place he went down. He warn't up long, but enough to git his bearin's, I guess, for down he went again, an' I could see the bow man gettin' ready to give him all the rope he'd take. Then the boat started, slewed a bit an' come dead for the ship at a 40-mile clip. I never see a bont travel so! We watched 'em, an' when she got within a quarter of a mile I thinks to myself: 'This is gittin' blamed interestin'. I wonder is that whale goin' to sheer off or is he goin' to give us a ram? That boat, sir, traveled for us as true as a hair, an' I could see the men in her gittin' excited. On she come, throwin' spray like a liner, and I calworth measurin' the difference. Then for the rope with the hatchet, but he hatchet went overboard an' he, ksin' his balance, along with it. The rest of the men warn't long decidin' what



they'd do. It was go overboard or git

'OH, NOTHIN' VERY PARTICULAR." within 50 yard of us they all went over

but Frank. "'Jump, you idiot,' yells I 'do you want to git stove?' Mebbe he didn't measured close to 62 feet. What behear, but I reckon it wouldn't make no come o' the Dutchman? Why, the boat difference, for as I'm livin', Doc, that slowed down when the whale rammed Dutchman lay himself out on his stum- us an' the other boat took him off. mick in the bottom of the boat, grabbed | Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' a foot cleat with both hands and hung up that whale along with the rest of on for dear life. Well, old whale kept steam on. I could see the boat go down a little by the head as she got close to us, an' I knew the rope was scrapin' the ship's keel. We was all holdin' breath and waitin' to see Frank splatter his brains against the ship's side, when the

der the water with a kereling. She missed reachin' us by about five yard." "All hands aboard ship leant over to see Frank and the splinters come up, for the boat would sure fetch again the keel and go to kindlin' wood. We waited an' waited an' waited, but, by gum, there weren't no splinters an' there wern't no Frank. All of a sudden one of the men sings out: 'By the holy poker, look!' I whipped 'round and 40 .- N. Y. World.

boat went nose down, stern up and un-

there 20 fathoms off our port, was the little whaleboat, full o' water to the gunnel, an' Frank standin' up in her, waist deep, holdin' on to a rowlock for dear life. So help me, Doc, that boat

whale was a scientist, sir. He calkilated all right to lose the bont; but, bless you, it's a bigger job than anyone wanted to tackle to stave that craft, an' as for floatin', she was boxed at each end an' couldn't sink. But that ain't the end of the story. We remembered the fellers that jumped an' we seen the big boat would pick 'em up before we could put another over, so we turned to look at Frank again. There weren't anythin' left in the boat to bail with an' be couldn't do nothin' but wait on the pleasure of that whale. He traveled away from the ship as fast as he come at it, an' he must 'a' gone a third of a erile before the boat slacked. Then we seen her slow down an' come to a dead stop. 'Line's busted,' says I; 'man a boat an' fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an' old whale blowed 30 foot high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tail goes an' he under the water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an' try to pay out line, but it was jammed, an' before he could make it loose the boat gave a jerk 'round, almost a-throwin' him out, an' come at us again. What I'm sayin's truth, Doc, that boat struck another bee line for us. I suppose, more properly speakin', the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kitin'! Frank quit foolin' with the line an' just hung on. I reckoned the boat was movin' faster'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down almost to her rowlocks. We stood speechless while she was drivin' for us. When she got within 100 yards the mate took a big breath and

let fly: "'Jump, you Dutch lubber, or you're dead man.

"But he didn't jump, an' I could sec him gittin' ready for another dive under old Liz.

"I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on



nough I let drive at Frank, hopin' to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin', dodged, an' just as the boat went tail up again yelled:

"'I can't swim!' "Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up come the boat, bottom up! 'Oh Lord!' grouned the cook, 'he's a goner! But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yeard afore she kilated if she held her course she'd hit righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob us so near 'midships it wouldn't be up over the gunnel. Well, old whale worth measurin' the difference. Then didn't run so far this time, for he broke I see the man in the bow make a pass water a few hundred fathom off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of was nervous like, an' missed it, for the blood. I seen then that the harpoon was a good throw, an' he wasn't goin' to fight long.

"I sent the second boat out after him but they didn't git far 'fore down goes ashed to flinders, and when they got whale for the third time, an' in a second the little boat slewed again an' we knew he was comin' at us. There warn't no way to make the Dutchman jump. an' there warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again while the little bont made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang an' every mother's son was throwed flat. Old Liz rolled to starbeard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, Doc? That whale miscalkilated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple o' points. He didn't fetch deer enough, an' hit old Liz a welt tha'd like to rip the keel off her. That settled the business, too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper and soon a blg black body floated up alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk o' salt pork, with the top o' his head half tore off. He was a blue whale, Doc, and he 'em. I did hear afterward that he was

grumblin' 'cause 'twas his bucket 1 throwed at him an' it warn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, Doe?"

"Right lively," repeated the doctor,

absently.-Brooklyn Eagle. From Afar. Professional Jokist (to editor)-Here is a fine joke. I've brought it all the

way from 'Frisco. Editor (reading it)-Ahem! That's the trouble with it. It's too far fetched. -To Date.

Auntie-Now, Willie, guess my age and you shall have this stick of candy. Willie-Can't. I can only court up to

A TURKISH PATRIOT.

He Advocated Reforms in the Government, and Is Now an Exile. Mourad Bey, who in his absence from Constantinople has been sentexced to death by default, is the bold official who last October made a personal ap-peal to the sultan to rid himself of his "Yes, sir; under the ship as slick as a evil counselors at the imperial palace; whistle an' the Dutchman in her. That to govern by a responsible cabinet of nonest, conscientious men, capable of ferming their opinion, and free to resign when it was not accepted by his majesty; to call dishonest administrators in the provinces (whom Mourad described as little better than brigands) to account; and to open his gates to all complainants who wished to come, as in ancient times, to lay their grievnnces before their sovereign. The sulan saw this faithful counselor, and for a moment a new era seemed about to dawn in Turkey. We give below

he afterward published in Paris.

"The sultan," said Mourad Bey, "gave me an audience, and in a tete-a-tete of more than two hours' duration the most complete agreement seemed to be established between us as we exchanged ideas. When I quitted the palace I was authorized to present to him a draft constitution, moderate yet liberal. I was filled with joy for the future of my country. Alas! my happiness was of brief duration. A few days later Kiam Pasha was dismissed, and the honest element of the ministry had to give place to corrupt men who had long been denounced by public opinion. The day after Lord Salis-bury's Guildhall speech I presented my-self at the palace. The sultan, instead of receiving me, contented himself by sending me a smooth message by his first chamberlain. I was convinced from that moment that there was no hope of doing any good with a sovereign who was a hypocrite above everything. I decided to quit my country and make my appeal in its favor to the civilized

Mourad Bey kept his word. He consulted first with five leading spirits of the Young Turkey party, who joined him on the Bosphorus; and the means of combating the nefarious policy of the sultan, "that perturber of the publie peace," was discussed. A revolution was feasible. Some patriots offered to sacrifice their lives to achieve their country's liberty; but it was deemed the wisest course to make a further appeal to the public opinion of Europe. Mourad Bey himself accepted the mission of denouncing his sovereign-a mission distasteful and even savoring of sacrilege to the Mussulman; but, justifying his conscience by the requirements of the supreme interests of his country, he went forth into exile. "Le Palais de Yildiz et la Sublime Porte,' le veritable mal d'Orient, par perial pres la dette publique Ottomane." vas published toward the end of last year; and now we have the sultan's reprisal in the sentence of death pronounced against him for "conduct calculated to disturb public order in the Turkish empire."-London News.

THE OUEEN'S STRANGENESS.

An Open Secret That Her Majesty's Mind Rumors have been for some time current that Queen Victoria has begun to display signs of the mental malady which afflicted the late years of her grandfather, George III. That her majesty has been what one might call "peculiar" for some time is an open secret, but her queerness has uniformly taken the shape of a mild form of insanity on the subject of the Brown family, to whom she displays a sentimental fondness. Of ate, as I am informed by one who knows, her eccentricities have been more marked. She has conceived a tremendous fancy for the Battenbergs. Herself the greatest possible stickler for legitimacy, she has conferred honor after honor, not alone upon the prince (himself a morganatic), who married Princess Beatrice, but has orlered court mourning for another Battenberg, which is an unheard-of proeeeding. I hear that the German ambassador came near refusing to don the habilaments of woe on this occasion. William II. will have nothing to do with any "morganatics," even having refused on one of his trips to England to receive his uncle-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and this performonce of his grandmother must have caused him infinite annoyance.

After the prince consort's death it was feared that the queen's mind would give way. A melancholy which alarmed her physicians set in and resisted all efforts of medical skill. At last the late Sir John Halle, the celebrated pianist, and a warm friend of the prince consort, was summoned to Osborne to see what effect music might have. At first he played only such pieces as were in keeping with her majesty's state of mind, day by day enlivening the programme a bit, by which means be managed by the end of his fortnight's stay to cause a decided improvement in the queen's condition. So much for music.

No Danger of a Crush. The area of the United States, excluding Alaska, is just 3,000,000 square miles; the average density of the New England states is 71 inhabitants to the square mile, so that it may be said that the union could easily support 210,000,000 souls, or three times its present population. Meantime other vast fields are opening to invite immigrants. Canada, Brazil, Spanish America and Australia are each of them larger than the United States. Each of them could find room for 200,000,000 settlers, which shows that there is no motive to fear that the world will be overcrowded for many centuries to come .- M. G. Mulhall. in North American Review.

Too Obvious. Higbee-I would have married her it it had not been for her father.

Mack-He refused his consent? Higbee-No, but he showed that ho was anxious to have me. - To Date.

AN ABYSSINIAN ROMANCE

The Queen of Queens," Wife of the Negus of Ethiopia. It is said that much of King Menelek's success in life is due to his queen, Troti, a lady of 46 summers, and to an experience which arouses the admiration. Like Menclek, who is her cousin, she is descended from Solomon. She seems to have inherited that monarch's propensity for marriage, for she has been joined in wedlock, first and last, no less than six times, her several husbands including two neguses (or emperors), two generals, one governor and on insignificant Abyssinian Croesus. Aside from the fact that they were men of distinction, the five predecessors of Menelek were not very desirable husbands. She was betrothed to her cousin, Menelek, as far back as 1866, when she was only 16 years old, and Theodore, who was then negus, invited them to visit him-probably his own account of his interview, which at Axun. The moment Theodore set eyes on Taoti he desired to marry her himself, and told the young people so. They demurred, but Theodore was persistent. He immediately made Taoti his wife, and consoled Menelek by giving him, out of hand, his own daughter, Tofana. Menelek was then in no position to make a row. He thanked Theodore, and carried away Tofana to

> Theodore, they say, used to beat his wife, partly from jealousy, for she mourned for Menelek; but in the spring of 1867, when Lord Napier and his army stormed the grim fortress of Magdala, in which Theodore had shut himself up, she was released from him by his suicide. A little while afterward she married Unide Gabriel, an Abyssinian general, who a year later was killed on the field of battle. She quickly mar-ried another soldier, Gen. Tackle nothin on the table."—Yonkers States-Ghiorghis, commander in chief of the army of the king of Tigre. She wearied of him, and obtained a divorce, in order to marry the governor of Egiou. Their honeymoon was interrupted by clapped the governor into prison, and we can do without." "Well, then," represently made away with him. Taoti evidently loved this husband, for she shut herself up in a nunnery for awhile. But she soon found that she was born for the world of affairs, and obtained a dispensation from the abouna

or archbishop of Abyssinia, which re-

Ankobar, the capital of Shoa, the king-

dom of his fathers.

leased her from her vows. Shortly after this she met Mr. Zeccaragagiou, who had made a substantial fortune out of the slave trade, and other mercantile ventures. Him she married only to find that he was a worse wife beater than Theodore of somewhat Sifter. dim memory. Telling him one day that she was going to visit her mother, she gathered together her belongings and left him, never to return. In 1882 while she was living with her brother, she met Menelek again, after 16 years. Menelek begged her to return to Andld not propose to play second fiddle to Tofana, her step-daughter. Menelek vowed that he would manage that if she would go with him. She consented. It is said that when Taoti and Tofana met there was a scene. But Menelek calmed the troubled waters by obtaining a divorce from Tofana, whose death followed "with an altogether suspicious rapidity." In 1885 Taoti was married to Menclek with imposing ceremony. Four years later, on the death of King John, he proclaimed himself negus, but he has never been publicly crowned negus in the second capital of Abyssinia, Axun in Tigre. His coronation as king of Shoa took place in 1889. His eleverness in securing dominion over all the native tribes of Abyssinia is said to be due to the sagacious and clever counsels of his consort, and "the shrewdness with which he has managed for ten years past to oppose all the efforts made by the Italian government in the shape of intrigue and of armed attack to obtain possession of his country is ascribed both by his people and his foes to the remarkable eleverness of Empress Taoti, Queen of Queens,' and 'sun and light of Ethio-The first dispatches announcing the calamity of the Italian forces stated that Gen, Baratieri forced the battle in order to disperse a body of Shoan chiefs who were marching toward Axun to be present at the coronation

Blue Racers Are Good Dodgers. "Talk about quickness of vision," said the rounder, "I doubt if there is anything nlive which has such remarkable evesight as an ordinary blue runner snake. You know that I am a pretty good shot with a rifle. Well, the other day I was roaming about the fields, when I saw a blue runner stretched out at the base of a small tree. He saw me also, but did not move, although I could see his eyes glisten in the sunlight. I raised the gun, drew a deliberate bead on his head and fired. He was still there when the smoke cleared fired again and again, and then grew

of the negus. It is evident, then, that

Menclek at last felt himself strong

enough to undertake this public cere-

tired. I realized that he saw the bullets and simply dodged them and escaped. Just then a man came across the field, and I called him to ask him to attract the aftention of the snake for a moment. The moment I observed that the runner had taken in the situation and was not looking at me I fired and killed him. Now, to show you that he had dodged the balls, I found every bullet that had left my gun in a space the size of a button just behind the place his head had occupied. Quick? other party." Why, a blue runner can see a streak of lightning before it pierces the clouds."

-N. O. Times-Democrat. -A dream about a butcher invariably foretells some misfortune to the PITH AND POINT.

-Teacher-"Johnnie, can you mention an instance of capillary attraction?" Johnnte-"Yes'm; Paderewski." -N. Y. Herald.

-Mrs. Brownlow-"Now, Tommy, go and kiss your uncle, or mamma will case you." Tommy (after a long look at his surly old uncle)—"Cane me, ma." -Tit-Bits.

-Sensitive .- "Miss Prettygirl is very sensitive." "In what way?" "When Jorkins compared her feet to little mice at the dance the other night she fainted."-Detroit Free Press.

-Had Some Idea of It,-"And have you never learned to dance? Then you know nothing of the poetry of motion." "Poetry of motion? Great Scott! I walked the floor with that boy of mine last night and recited 'Mother Goose' to him for four whole hours."-Moon--Bellefield-"A cynical writer re-marks that a wedding always brings

happiness to two, the florist and the clergyman." Bloomfield-"He forgets the father of the bride, especially if the poor man has half a dozen other daugh. ters on his hands."-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. -"My boy," said the passenger with the fur-lined coat and the smooth-

shaven, square face, "It was the success of the season. There wasn't standing room!" The conductor smiled a sour smile. "'Zif I didn't have the same experience every day," said he to the motorman.-Cincinnati Enquirer. -"Willie," said the boarding house mistress to her young son, "I was ashamed of you at dinner. You kept

your arms on the table during the entire meal!" "Yes, mamma," was the hopeful's reply; "I didn't want to give man. -"Father, what is a luxury?" asked

little Johnnie the other night as he wrapped himself round the parlor stove. "A luxury? Why, it's something Negus John, who, on a political charge, we don't really need, you know-a thing plied the logical youth, "what a luxury a mosquito net must be in winter."-Harlem Life.

-The minister, Parson Downycouch, was at dinner with the Chaffle family. Johnnie spoke up and said: "Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask, Johnnie?" asked the clergyman, kindly. "Because pa owes \$12 back pewrent, and he says he is going to let the church whistle for it." After the clergyman had taken his departure there was a vocal solo by Johnnie.—Texas

NEW BEAST OF BURDEN.

Transvaal Boers Conquer the Wild Zebra

trained to do the work of the horse. It was a case of love at second sight. It is an almost incorrigible little beast, and up to now all attempts to put it in kobar with him. She replied that she the harness of labor have had small success. When the Portuguese owned South Africa they captured four of these wild asses and sent them to their king, who used them to draw the royal carriage. Prince Stadt-halter of the Netherlands is said to have driven a span of zebras in 1798; but this often has been disputed. Not many years ago one of the Rothschilds made a day's sensation in London by driving

a zebra to his trap. They are hard to catch and vicious when caught, and extremely difficult to tame. The zebra or wild ass inhabits exclusively South Africa, northward to Abyssinia. They were first seen in Europe by the enterprise of the Roman emperor Caracalla, and at their exhibition in the arena he himself killed them. In the middle ages they remained practically unknown, and it was not until the middle of the 17th century, through the European travelers, that they were brought again into familiarity.

The Boers, persistent and methodical, have conquered the zebra at last, and put the hitherto unruly animal into the traces of their mail coaches, Together the zebras show an inclination to bite; but when harnessed with mules they are easier to manage.

This utilization of the zebra is one of the greatest importance to South Africans. Horses are likely to be killed by hyenas. Zebras are a match, with teeth and hoofs, for any hyena. It is one of the flercest of all animal fights when a zebra and a hyena come upon each other. Boers find that the zebra monial, and it is most probable that is capable of greater movement than Taoti has been scheming and planning the horse and less susceptible to disfor it these many years .- Buffalo Courease. Strange to say, the little striped beast is also stronger than the horse, though its weight is less than onebalf that of the older draught animal -N. Y. Press.

The Shop Has Brains. The tendency of successful business is to enlargement, and with enlargement comes a new multitude of agents, a new variety of markets, a newkind of competitive danger, to avert which absolutely requires mind. The very number of his employes compels the great tradesman of our day to become a judge of character. The very expansion of his market drives him to study many countries, many tariffs, many laws, and away, but I had not touched him. I his extreme danger from competition makes of him an artist, a chemist and a critic. The process is slow because he is always governed by the idea of selling. and he often learns rather to know pub lie taste than to know what taste is and to seek in his purchases the popular rather than the good; but still the process must develop his mind.-Spec-

Accommodating a Landlord.
"I like the house," he said, "but if is too large for my family, and I would want to rent it in conjunction with an-

"I don't know about that," replied the landlo-d, dubiously. "I would much prefer that the house be let alone." "Very well, then, I will let it alone, and a little later he was looking at another house.-Bay City Chat.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TWO MAIDENS.

Y know a winsome little maid, So fair to see— Her face is like a dainty flower.

So lovingly
She looks upon this world of ours,
And all who pass,
That sweet content makes beautiful
My little lass.

I know another maiden well,
She might be fair—
Her cheek is like a rose-leaf soft,
Like gold her hair.
But ahl her face is marred by frowns

Her eyes by tears, For none can please. I dread to thin of coming years. Would you, dear, grow to beauty rar-In thought and deed?

The hearn the lesson these two teach
To those who heed,
And in your heart, as life begins,
Give this truth place:
'Tis only lovely thoughts can make

A lovely face.

-Gertrude M. Cannon, in St. Nicholas.

FEATHERED PARSON.

An Antipodean Bird Who Probaby Is th Best Talker of His Kind. Some time since a friend of mine having occasion to purchase a small article, entered a little thread and needle shop in the environs of the city of New Orleans, but found no one in the place, writes J. Carter Beard in the Philadelphia Bulletin. As he turned about to leave a hourse voice called out:

"Wait a moment, ma'am. Take chair."

Looking around her in some surprise at not seeing any source from which she could suspect the voice to proceed or any possibility of accepting the in- tiful chimpanzee, whose name was Mirvitation so cordially extended to her, anda. she replied:

"I'll wait, but I see no chair." "Betty! Betty! come quick! come quick! come quick! Some one here. Take a chair," called out the voice loud-

Rather alarmed, for there was no one in the little shop but herself, my friend



pened to catch sight of a bird cage just | had escaped from their cells by oddly inside it, containing a strange looking improvised tools, he set to work on a black bird, with two white bands, that teaspoon and in a short time had dereminded her of those worn by English vised a very serviceable chisel. clergymen, extending downward from its throat. At the same moment a soon regained his freedom, and since woman appeared at the half-opened that date never knew confinement. Un-

she, with a strong North-of-England parading the walks of the gardens in a accent. "Tas a parson, mum; them do

go on wors'n parrots," what naturalists call Prostehmadera, ally he smoked a pipe, and he always which had been brought by the shop- had a pleasant word for those whom he keeper all the way from New Zealand met, whether they were within or out-(where she had formerly resided), of side of cages. And it was with the

which the bird is a native.

Its popular name, "parson bird," given It by the early colonists of New Zea- death. land in allusion to the peculiar tufts of long white feathers that hang down from the throat as if to set off its glossy Abnormal Nasal Appendage of Thomas black plumage, and which resemble clerical bands, certainly seems appropriate. Perched on a stump, as an extemporized talker, it gives vent to a jargon of sounds, displaying its bands and gesticulating in a manner that irresist- Thomas Wedders (or, rather Wadibly reminds one of the declamatory style of preaching. A gentleman de-

scribing the bird says: "He shakes his head, bending to one side, then to another, as if he made his remarks first to this part of his hearers and afterward to that, and once again, with pent-up vehemence, contracting his muscles and drawing himself together, his voice waxes loud, as if to

awaken sleepers to their senses." It is a favorite cage bird with the colonists, being easily reared in confinement, and its extraordinary powers of mimicry make it a very interesting pet. It can repeat whole sentences and imitate, among other things, the barking of dog to perfection. Its memory teachableness and articulation are bet ter than those of any parrot; in fact, perhaps, it is the best talker among birds.

Singular Optical Delusion Here is a singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect. Take a row of ordinary capital letters and

figures: SSSSSXXXXXX3333338888888.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these, and you will preceive that the upper halves of the characters are very little smaller than the lower halves-so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the brow too low, or nature had so expaper upside down, and, without any ear-ful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom

An Amusing Scotch Bull. A Scotch newspaper declares that a mind best described as idicey most ab celebrated vocalist narrowly escaped fect. with his life, his carriage having been upset near Edinburgh; but he was able to appear the same evening in three

Bleycle Season Is Here. Mrs. Yeast-I understand our miniscycle riders next Sunday. Mr. Yeast-I suppose he'll call it the

THE GENTLEMAN APE.

Consul Was One of the Brightest Monkeys Ever Exhibited.

Consul, the gentleman ape, one of the brightest monkeys in the world, recently died in Manchester, England. The New York Journal says there was never an ape more polished in his manners or more punctilious in his dress or more considerate of the feelings of others. Consul was born in Central Africa, and, like many others of his kind, led a wild, roving life for a number of years. Nothing is known of his parents, except that, owing no doubt to the constant sultriness of the weather in that region and to a custom that had long

prevailed among its inhabitants, they

wore no clothes. But one day Consul

unexpectedly encountered a very beau-



Consul had never seen such a beautiful chimpanzee before, and he fell deeply in love at first sight. Miranda returned his regard, but she had become attached to the household of a British trader, and she insisted that she would not live elsewhere.

Miranda took great pleasure in instructing Consul, and it was not long before he could cat raw eggs, drink from a teacup and smoke a pipe-accomplishments which were shared in a higher degree by his wife, Miranda.

Some years after this, in 1893, Consul ecept an engagement with the Zoological gardens at Manchester, it having been agreed that, in return for board and lodging and care in sickness, he was to exhibit his performances in public. The managers of the gardens, not being aware of Consul's high moral character, and fearing that he might leave the premises at the first opportunity, locked the door of his apartments on the first night of his arrival. This was an indignity which the newcomer took immediate measures to resent and to correct. Having read some of the marvelous tales about how certain prisoners

With the aid of this instrument he til the time of his death Consul might door leading to the rear of the shop.

"Tas tha burd be talken, mum," said have been seen any fine day, gravely gorgeously decorated coat, stockings and shoes, wearing a comfortable soft On inquiry, the talker proved to be hat and leaning on a cane. Occasiongreatest sorrow that the people of Manchester heard the news of Consul's

SEVEN INCHES LONG.

Wedders, a Yorkshireman. Abnormal noses frequently set all canons at defiance by being hugely significant of just nothing at all. Enrly in the last century a man



house), with a nose 71/2 inches long, was exhibited throughout Yorkshire, says the Strand Magazine.

Thus if noses were uniformly exact in representing the importance of the individual, this worthy ought to have amassed all the money in Threadneedle street and conquered all Europe, for this prodigious nose of his was a compound of the acquisitive with the martinl. But his chin was too weak or his hausted herself in the task of giving this prodigy a nose as to altogether forget to endow him with brains; or, perhaps, the nose crowded out this latter commodity. At all events, we are told the Yorkshireman expired, nose and all, as he had lived, in a condition of

Try This Easy Experiment. Take a piece of twine and tie a number of knots in it at short intervals, If this knotty twine is laid around somebody's head so that it will turn the ears forward, and then the forefinger ter is going to preach a sermon to bi- and thumb of each of your hands allowed to slide along the string it will cause a noise very similar to thunder to "Sermon on the Mount!" - Yonkers be heard by those who are undergoing the experiment.